

The Times Dispatch

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SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1914.

RICHMOND DESERVES THE BANK.

We submit to our readers an interesting article from the Chicago Banker, reprinted on this page. As the unprincipled view of experts whose opinions must carry weight, the Banker's statement of our case is as gratifying as it is true.

We are not inclined to view seriously the disquieted ferment that seeks a review of the selection of Richmond. With the members of the organization committee serving also on the Federal Reserve Board, Richmond is practically assured that their unanimous verdict will not be upset. And as Congress can only interfere by a specific repeal of the Federal reserve act, Richmond's demand for a review will probably amount to nothing.

At the same time, we must not relax our efforts to have the choice of Richmond confirmed and must not allow our critics to think that we are afraid of their activity. It might be well, perhaps, to take a new poll of the member banks in the Fifth District. These banks, we feel sure, will not only approve the choice of Richmond, but will be even more outspoken in their advocacy of this city than before. We would accordingly suggest that the local committee give this aspect of the case careful consideration, and discuss whether it may not be best to again procure the opinion of the banks to the choice of Richmond.

Deliberate thought cannot, of course, be expected from Baltimore, hysterical at what it deems a reflection upon its financial standing and commercial importance. It may be argued, and not without reason, that Baltimore has "turned the corner" and can never again expect to hold its place among progressive American cities. But this is not at all to the point in discussing the cities for the regional banks. The Federal reserve act laid down the principles that should be followed in choosing the locations for the banks, when it said section 23: "The districts shall be apportioned with due regard to the convenience and customary course of trade." Upon these words the organization committee placed the only possible construction—that the districts should be arranged about that city to which they were most accessible and with which they were accustomed to do business. The committee, accordingly, stated in its first announcement that existing channels of trade, compactness of area, and ease of communication would be regarded as first consideration in designating the cities for the reserve banks.

Measured by these standards—and they are reasonably upon what grounds can Baltimore base its complaint? Has it not been demonstrated that Richmond loans more money in the South than does Baltimore? Have not the banks, anxious to maintain their existing channels of trade, expressed their preference for Richmond? Would not necessarily all the business with this district have to pass through Richmond in order to reach Baltimore? We command to Baltimore, as our friend, the Chicago banker, commands to Congressman Mann, a study of Richmond's brief. To quote our contemporary and to reaffirm what we have contended from the day it was suggested that we enter the lists—"Richmond deserves the bank."

War is the last refuge of a capitalist whose scheme of exploitation of another country has gone awry. War takes choice of its men. It selects the physically fit, the brave, the intelligent, the high-spirited, the patriotic and lays them away in a hole in the ground.

We tripped in the thirteenth inning with two on, and scored on an infield hit, winning the game 3 to 2. Who Paolini question number 2755584?

Welcome to our city, fans of Petersburg. May you have a most unpleasant stay, and all go home disappointed.

If we are going to love a man for the enemies he makes, can't we hate him for his friends? Huh! Wouldn't that be pretty hard on Underwood? Possibly so; we had forgotten about Willie Hearst.

Can it be that there are some married women who are actually envious of that California woman who is suing for divorce because her husband hugged her so hard he broke one of her ribs?

At the first rumor of war, Gossips' army disbanded.

"Let them fight," said a man on the street yesterday. Yes, let them fight. It's always that and never let us fight.

Hugs for earrings is the newest fad. How are the people who wish to wear them going to get them from inside their heads?

The D. A. R. to meet in Washington next month. That will be war.

Baltimore seems to think that just because the Democratic platform was made there, she is entitled to all the benefits coming from its operation.

YIELD NOTHING MORE TO HUERTA.

Suspicion that Huerta was playing for time when he promised to salute the American flag, in reparation for his frequent insults to it, is all that is confirmed by his newest demands. Those demands should be rejected, and rejected without hesitation. The United States government can afford no longer to temporize with the murderous usurper who calls himself Mr. Provisional President Huerta. It must bring him to law with a jerk.

The words of Admiral Mayo when he made his demand for a salute and international custom require that we acknowledge that salute, unless we deliberately seek a pretext for war. As much as it goes against the grain to make even the appearance of saluting Huerta's flag, that we are prepared to do because of custom and because of a sincere desire for peace. Further, however, we cannot go without mortification to ourselves and a partial for future of the good opinion of the world. The death of American citizens in a land torn by civil war when plausibly explained might be borne with patience against the time when separation could be demanded of some recognized authority. Studied insult beamed upon insult and crowned with an act of perfidy cannot be overlooked nor borne with patience. The question is no longer one between the United States and a stubborn old tyrant. It has become, as in the Panama Canal tolls matter, a question of a decent respect for the opinions of mankind. To back down now would be to lose prestige, to lessen our influence among the nations, to hinder us in dealing with other Central and South American republics, to say nothing of the blow to our pride.

Peace would be too dear at the price. No one loves peace more than the Times-Dispatch. No one has supported President Wilson's policy of "watchful waiting" more loyally or with more confidence that it was the best policy to pursue. No one hopes more strongly than we that war will not follow upon the heels of an unwilling attitude in the present crisis. Nor do we believe it will follow, but we do believe that if it does, it is because it is inevitable; it is because Huerta is determined upon it. And it may as well come now as later.

Victoriano Huerta must salute the Stars and Stripes and upon our terms and conditions, or shoulder the responsibility of bringing calamity upon his country.

WHEN THE NEW FLAG BROKE.

Fifty-three years ago this morning, Richmond awoke in anxious suspense from troubled sleep. Something portentous, something ominous had happened. Of this the people were sure. For through the wearying hours of the previous day, the Convention had sat behind closed doors, and rumor had run wild about the streets. Mute guards turned back the inquisitive from the doors of the Capitol; pale-faced men came from the hall, shook their heads at questioners and retired to locked rooms in the old Ballard House. Had Virginia seceded? Was she willing to submit to the call for troops, the attack on South Carolina, the assurance of war? These were the queries men put as they hurried into the streets.

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AN APPROPRIATE EXHIBIT. The Virginia Bannister Exposition visitors are not much concerned, we think, that there should be some criticism of their decision to have Virginia represented at San Francisco Panama Exposition by a reproduction of Mount Vernon. Their selection of an exhibit was eminently appropriate and the absence of some such structure as Virginia intends to erect at San Francisco would be the cause of more comment than its presence. If the critics look at the matter from this point of view their criticisms may not be totally devoid of merit.

The commemoration of the plotters of the past is not without value even from the practical standpoint of advertising. As many people are attracted to Virginia by her history and the names of her great men as by her industrial achievements and social and educational progress. Visitors to the exposition will turn with relief from wearied contemplation of display of agricultural and manufacturing products alone to the exhibit of a State which has a glorious past, as well as a promising future. If in the building, representing Mount Vernon, there should be demonstrated what the State, which gave great men to the Union's political development in the past, is now giving to its material progress, Virginia's representation at the exposition will be one to incite respect for her present prosperity, as well as admiration for her history. A reproduction of Mount Vernon, housing relics and heirlooms side by side with evidences of present growth, seems to us to combine idealism and materialism in proper proportions.

If Huerta keeps barking for a twenty-one-gun salute, Tampeo may get it.

Huerta's censors permit only pleasant news to get through. Have they bolted the publication of newspapers in Mexico City?

Huerta does not believe in "watchful waiting" for American battleships. If Villa captures a few more towns, Mr. Provisional President won't know what to do.

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Save for that day when the thunder

broke about the New Academy while Patrick Henry declared the heavens travailed at the prospect of Virginia giving her assent to the new Constitution, this Commonwealth never witnessed such a scene as that acted before the doors from which the public was barred, on April 17, 1861. Less than two weeks before, by a vote of two to one, Virginia had refused to secede. Even when the restless wires brought news that South Carolina was menaced by a Federal fleet, the conservatives of Virginia would not leave the Union their fathers had made. They waited, they prayed, they hoped; while our sister Southern States rushed to arms. Virginia sent one last commission to Washington to plead with Lincoln for delay. But while the momentary floods of that fatal spring kept the commission waiting, Roger Pryor's exhortation to "strike a blow" and the sight of a Federal fleet in the offing drove Carolina to action. Sumter was fired on. "Honest John" Letcher begged in vain for peace; Lincoln called for 75,000 troops; Virginians as one man demanded action.

On the morning of April 17—fifty-three years yesterday—the Convention assembled for the last decisive vote. The radicals clamored for immediate secession; the unionists rallied their forces; the majority trembled. Then Henry A. Wise, with all the brilliance of his eloquence told them of mustering troops in Sumter; of the proposed march on Harper's Ferry; of action that could not be delayed an hour, one after another spoke; dinner-time came and passed; the vote had not been taken. In vain John Janney, the venerable president, whig of all the Whigs, implored his colleagues to postpone the fatal act; telegrams, terse, fact-cramped, serious, were placed in the hands of members and outweighed the logic of the old man eloquent.

It had been raining all the morning; had been raining for days. In fact, veterans have not forgotten that weather—and a sullen shower was falling at 2 o'clock. But when the previous question was called and the decisive vote was about to be taken, the sides waited as anxiously as did the delegates. At 3:30 they began the roll call amid a silence that echoed the words of the clerk. One by one, sadly or joyously, reluctantly or gladly, the members cast their votes until—it was 3:45—the last name was reached. Virginia had seceded; the solemn step had been taken. To us it has always seemed an omen such as came to Brutus or to Constantine, for precisely when the vote was announced, the April sun broke its way through the clouds and filled the silent chamber. Virginia was out; a new day had sent its sunshine. On the morrow to the little had on the hill and to thousands in every city the awful news was told.

Fifty-three years have passed—in history; but as a watch in the night, in the transformation of Virginia, an unseen reckoning. The ranks of war have disappeared; the trenches we used to defend our rights have been leveled back to earth; corn grows on the battlefields, and creepers cover the scars. If we must rue the fortune that brought us the dark days of April, 1861, we should thank God that from suffering has come peace; from heroism has come blessing.

THE PLEASANT RAILROAD. Information from Danville is to the effect that the work on the Piedmont railroad is being pushed with great vigor, and the indications now are that trains will be running between Danville and Greensboro, N. C., by June 1. This road, which ought to have been built long ago, will be a great thing for the Confederacy, as it will put Richmond in quick communication with the far South and relieve the congestion on the Weldon-Wilmington route.

Spy Arrested. A Yankee spy giving his name as Sterling King, who was arrested at Marion a few days ago, has been brought to Richmond. In Marion he represented himself as being the colonel of the Second Virginia Regiment.

THE PIEDMONT RAILROAD. Harry Macarthy, the "Arkansas Rain," closed his most successful engagement at Metropolitan Hall Saturday night, and, at once, "ran the block" to Petersburg, and will open up in quick succession the

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All Eyes on Virginia.

According to what we read in Northern papers that have come to hand, all eyes in the North are now turned on Virginia, and all interest is centred on army operations in this State. Preparations for an advance on Richmond are going on continually. General Grant is still in Washington supervising and directing the movements, but will go to the front as soon as his presence may be required there.

Now on Parade.

Measures Williams and Conrad and the Rev. Dr. Borden of Winchester, who were seized by the Yankees a short while ago to be held as hostages for several Union men captured by Major O'Farrell in Morgan County are still in the hands of the Yankees. They have been put upon parole in Martinsburg, but are not allowed to leave the town.

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